

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT:

ALTON B. PARKER
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

HENRY G. DAVID
OF WEST VIRGINIA.

For Presidential Elector—13th District:
HON. M. R. SMITH.

For Congressman, 13th District:
EDWARD ROBB.

STATE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Governor:

JOSEPH W. FOLK, of St. Louis.
For Lieutenant-Governor:
THOMAS L. RUBEY, of Macon County.

For Secretary of State:

SAM. B. COOK, of Audrain County.

For Auditor:

ALBERT O. ALLEN, of New Madrid Co.

For Treasurer:

JAMES COWGILL, of Jackson County.

For Attorney-General:

ELLIOTT W. MAJORS, of Pike County.

For Railroad and Warehouse Commissioner:
H. R. OGLESBY, of Johnson County.

For Judge of St. Louis Court of Appeals:
VALLE REYBURN, of St. Louis.

WHAT was the need for the Republican township and county conventions, since it seems Messrs. Mullin and Miller "fixed" the ticket beforehand to suit themselves?

THE Holy Political Trinity—Mullin, Miller and Gay—have put forth the ticket for the suffrages of the groundlings. Let no Republican or Democrat dare to refuse its support.

QUERY: If Messrs. Mullin, Miller and Gay may choose Democrats for Republicans to vote for, why may not each Republican voter consistently determine for himself the Democrat worthy his suffrage? Doth a divinity attach to the triumvirate?

THE man who is constantly whining because of alleged lack of business enterprise in the community, and at the same time is trying to discredit the institutions we have, must be a sore discomfort to himself:

The world's all wrong—O cursed spite
That I was born to set it right!

ABOUT six weeks ago Mr. Love Carly said to me, "I am a Democrat and will vote the ticket straight." I therefore expect his prompt declination to serve on the hybridical monstrosity christened Republican a week ago last Saturday, with Messrs. Mullin and Miller as godfathers.

MR. VAN NORT, when solicited by Mr. Mullin—a late importation from Iowa—to run for Prosecuting Attorney on the Republican ticket, replied that he could not do that; that if he had beaten his opponent in the Democratic primary he would have considered Mr. Dameron in honor bound to abide the result and support the ticket nominated. To this Mr. Mullin acceded; but, then, how is it in Mr. Austin's case?

THE Iron county incumbent of a Federal office in St. Louis, "worth \$1800 a year," owes his position to the will of a Democratic Federal Judge, and not to the grace of the Republicans. On the contrary, more than one petition has been sent up from here, signed by every leading Republican in Iron county, demanding his removal. In one instance the leading signers went up to St. Louis with the petition and the man—one Adams—they desired to put in Mr. Nall's position. But they came back with their ears singed and their tail-feathers drooping. If it was left to their will, Mr. Nall would not retain his position twenty-four hours.

THE Minneapolis Journal gives statistics concerning the standing armies of Germany, France, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Great Britain, Turkey and other European nations, and then says that in view of their enormous size and cost our own standing army of 63,000 looks ridiculously small. It ridicules the idea that our standing army is too large and lays to much stress upon the size of the European armies. But the Journal really begs the question. The question is not, How does our standing army compare in size with the standing armies of Europe? It is, How does our standing army compare in size to the real needs of this republic for a large standing army? The influence wielded by this nation does not depend upon its army or its navy, but upon its regard for principle and right. No sane man will say that this nation's power for good is greater to-day, with its vastly increased army and navy,

than it was ten, fifteen or even fifty years ago. The power of a good example reaches further than the charge of armies or the shells of 13-inch guns. When this nation abandoned moral force and put its reliance in the "big stick" it lost more than it can ever regain by armies and navies.—The Commoner.

NEIGHBOR MILLER—I take it, it is he, because those queries are in reply to some I put to him, although he now modestly signs himself "Committee"—asks me some more questions, one or two of which, as they concern myself particularly, I will answer frankly and fully.

The first is, "how often has he (meaning me) changed his politics in 41 years?" Well, I have conducted the REGISTER thirty-six of the 41 years, and I will let its record speak for me. Surely thirty-six years unbroken fellowship ought to pass one from the probation stage into full standing! Mr. Miller calls himself a "life-long Democrat" with fewer years' affiliation and various fallings from grace, and therefore this answer ought to satisfy him. He will pardon me, I am sure, the conjecture that it is my consistent Democracy, not an alleged inconsistency, that worries him and causes him to write himself down an ass. Mr. R. L. Carly, within the past six weeks, said to me, "I am a Democrat and will vote the Democratic ticket straight. I am no bolter!" Yet Neighbor Miller has naught but words of praise and commendation for Mr. Carly, now that he belies his voluntary assertion of loyalty to the party that late did honor him.

Next, Neighbor Miller wants to know if I think it right for me and the "county court to decide what the county advertising is worth without asking prices from other people." The law defines the price to be paid for legal advertising, and I have never charged, nor has the court paid, in excess of that price. And, while I think of it, let me tell neighbor Miller something he may not know, all-wise as he thinks he is in his lately self-assumed role of Master of Affairs. The principal piece of advertising the county has to pay for is the annual financial statement. At the legal rate—at the rate established, not by the court, but by the statutes,—this work is worth from \$140 to \$175 each year. When the Democrats took charge of affairs in 1876, Iron county was poor in purse and deeply in debt. Its warrants were below par, and the court had hard work to make ends meet. I then offered to publish the statement for \$50 a year, and did so for twenty-five years—although the greater part of that time the REGISTER was the only paper published in the county, and I could have exacted the full price. Then, when the county was in better condition, I asked and received a greater amount, but never in excess of \$100, and that sum only twice. Go to the record, Neighbor Miller, and see if I am lying or telling the truth. So much for the questions applying solely to me.

But I, in turn, claim the privilege of putting a query to Neighbor Miller: Did he ever promote an enterprise wherein he was not an expectant participant in its favors, as designer, architect or builder? Did he ever "give up" a portion of the sum he could collect through the tenor of the contract, whether that contract related to public or private buildings? Does he not always demand his full pound of flesh? Current rumor says—but rumor is oft a lying jade, and I give Neighbor Miller the benefit of the doubt, straining to my charity and intelligence as it is so to do. Besides, to carry her gossip would savor of mousing after small game, not justified even by way of reprisal against Neighbor Miller's dirty insinuations against me.

The query relative to Mr. O'Neal's fees was answered fully two years ago. He asked for and obtained exactly the amount the Attorney-General said he was entitled to—no more. All this Neighbor Miller knows, and I am forced to the conclusion that he asks the question through miserable spite and ill-will; not from a desire to serve the people, but to delude them.

There is no law forbidding Messrs. Whitworth and Huff to buy lands of any kind, if they have the money to pay for them.

I don't know what wrong thing J. N. Lewis, John Polk, and the other parties named, did at Pilot Knob; but it couldn't have been very bad, since Neighbor Miller and others of his coterie tried to seduce one of them into allowing his name to be put upon their hybrid ticket, and to get one other to "lay down on the Democratic ticket," with the promise that if he did so, the aforesaid coterie would not put up a man against him. Are these men—Polk and Lewis—miserable scoundrels, then, be-

cause they are true and tried Democrats—because they refuse to join the disgruntled gang whom the people have rejected time and again, and whom no true Democrat may trust but to his sorrow? Again I challenge you to show that any one of our county officials is "corrupt," as you said they were while in conversation with Mr. Lewis of Piedmont. If you can so show, I promise to assist you to the utmost of my power in scourging them from office. But please don't insinuate: that is contemptible, and will in the end return to plague you sorely.

Neighbor Miller, you are so strongly infatuated with a recent comer—Mr. Frank Mullin—that you have deliberately cast aside, for him, some old friends who never failed you in word or deed. Who is this Mr. Mullin? How long have you known him? What is the tie that binds you to him—that has knit you two together as twins?

My one time friend and now unjustified assailer, it seems to me you seek for evil against your neighbor, and are disappointed when you fail to find it. By your acts and words, who doubts that you would glorify in the discovery

that Whitworth, O'Neal, Hawkins, Lewis, Polk, and the other county officials, were thieves and scoundrels? That you would gladly see them dragged in the mud of obloquy and stripped of their reputations as honest men?

When God made man He made him upright, with head erect, and an eye to see the beauties of nature spread about him; with an ear attuned to the harmony of His glorious universe; with a soul aspiring to heaven and spurning the baseness of false witness and envy and malice.

When He, in His inscrutable providence, fashioned the hog, He bowed its head to the earth; gave it the instinct to wallow in the mud and delight in it; to burrow in filth and slime and rejoice in the nasty, putrid morsels rewarding its nauseous search.

Neighbor Miller, stand erect, with your eyes to the stars, put on the semblance of a man, and nurture not in your heart and brain the miserable instincts of the hog.

FOR RENT—Good farm of 100 acres, 21-2 miles east of Fredericktown; fine wheat and corn land. A bargain. Write A. E. Bisch, Hogan, Mo.

OUR OPENING

Of Fall and Winter Merchandise has pleased the public; which we expected it would do. Every offering has that genuine ring of economy, and the merchandise involved is most desirable.



Magnificent Exhibition Of New Fall Millinery.

Our Ladies' Hats is the most magnificent collection of handsome Millinery we have ever displayed. Our careful work in selecting the styles is apparent in every hat. There are the High Grade Pattern Hats and the Lowest Priced Onting Hat.

Come in and See Them for Yourself.

Silk Petticoats! Splendid Value!

\$5.00.

They come in Black, Green, Blue Red and Grey



New line of BELTS, TIES & NOVELTIES.

Bonnet Check Gingham, worth 7 cents.

5c yd.

Remnant Calico, about 35 yd. bundle, for \$1.00.

or 3c yd.

Reliable Clothing For Men and Boys.

Special. A Boy's Knee Pants Suit, age 5 to 15 yrs, **\$1.00**

Good and Heavy, for

An Excellent Wool Suit for Boys, age 14 to 19, well made and will wear, for only **\$4.00**

Read BIG BARGAINS in the LITTLE SQUARES.

Good Calicos in Short Lengths for

4½c yd.

Flannelette, Dark Colors, worth 8½c,

6c yd.

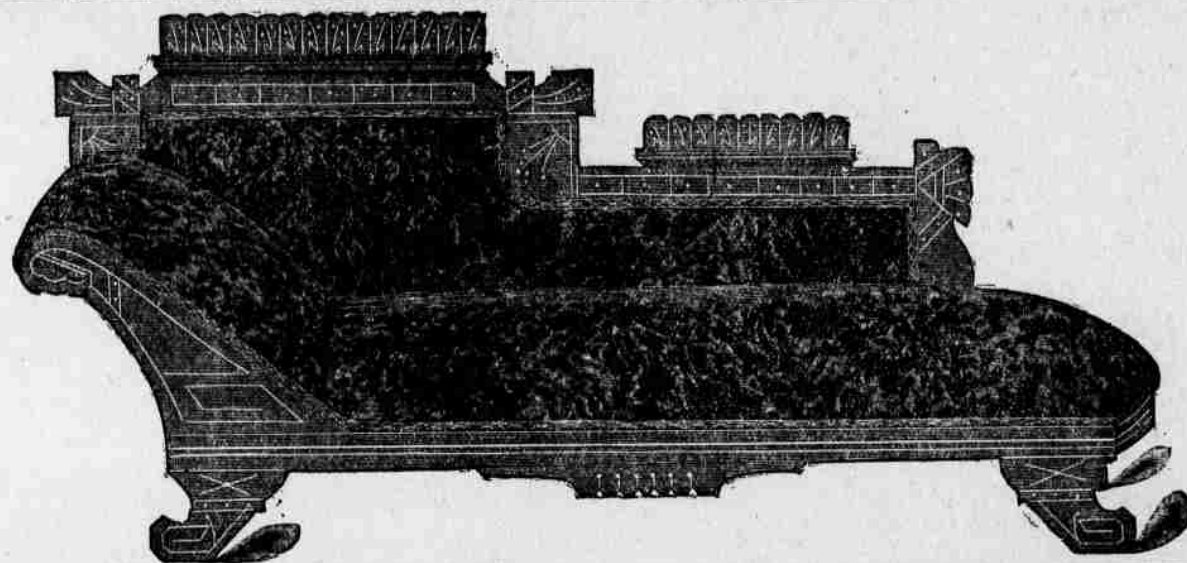
SILKS for Shirt Waists in neat figures and dots on new color grounds; good value at **75c & 85c yd.**

NOTICE THIS—Splendid Values in White Materials for Shirt Waists for **10c to 25c yd.**

Furniture!

We have a new line of Lounges and Rockers, Bedroom Sets, Iron Beds, Etc.

Call and See Them.

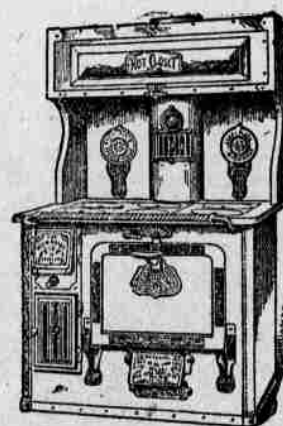
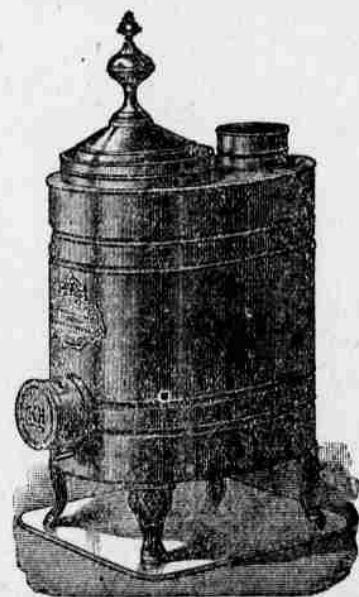


HEATERS FOR \$1.00 AND UP.

Don't Buy a Stove Before Seeing Ours.

We still have some Gem City Ranges, bought under cost; they are being sold fully \$10 cheaper on the stove than others can sell them. For the quality of these stoves ask your neighbor!

LOPEZ STORE COMPANY.



Imperialism and Its Fruits.

We need not so much an open door to trade as barriers to imperialism.

Venice flourished and prospered and her navy commanded the seas near about, bringing her trade that created her commercial aristocracy and converted her from a republic into an oligarchy of wealth. When lust for gain and vain ambition sent her fleets against Constantinople, the mighty power of Venice began to wane.

Rome opened the door of every adjacent land to trade and penetrated and subjugated far-off Egypt; her commercialism bred luxury and sensuousness and her imperial army that had extended her sway over sea and country, fell powerless before the savage Goth and Hun.

Carthage, once mistress of the seas, extended her markets by force of arms, and Carthage is of value only as a milestone marking the path of imperialistic wrecks.

Within our own time the fleets of Spain have swept the seas, but the armada perished, and with it the mighty power and prestige of the Spanish throne. Great Britain, mighty mistress

of the seas, on whose possessions the sun never sets, is struggling under the weight of crushing debt that makes necessary a revolution in her fiscal policy, and which, constantly sapping her energy, must leave her weak and her possessions prey to the new disciple of force rising on the horizon, which in turn will crumble into ashes.

All along the path of history are strewn the wrecks of nations which subordinate right to might.

Imperialism digs nations' graves. But nations see in the fresh heaped earth the material fruits of the material policy; they do not look beyond it at the other fruit, created in the same action—the narrow house.—Editorial in Dubuque Telegraph-Herald.

Is This Prosperity?

The slogan of the Republican party is prosperity—Prosperity with a big P. The claim is set up by them that the country is only prosperous under Republican administration of governmental affairs.

That all dinner pails are not full, however, after eight years, of Republican rule, is made evident in an article published recently in

the New York World in a lengthy statistical article of very recent publication shows that New York City's free lodging house has entertained forty-six per cent more unfortunate this year than during a corresponding period of last year. From January 1st to July 31st, 1904, the house has entertained 41,265 derelicts, and fed them, thereby breaking the record of its entire existence extending over a period of more than seven years.

The manager of the institution is quoted by the World as saying: "A majority of our guests are men of middle age, who are able to work; men who want work, but can't get it. We have comparatively few old men, and only about 5 per cent of those who came here are women."

New York is not alone in the entertainment of an army of unemployed and helpless derelicts. The same conditions apparently exist in all of the congested centers of the country. A special telegram from Pittsburgh, the home of one of the most gigantic trusts, says that "within the past five years under the trust regime, the cost of living for the workmen in the Pittsburgh district, has been increased 45 per cent. The price of his food has been increased that much, while the cost of clothing has been raised to an alarming extent."

"Is this something to 'stand pat' on?"—Crawford County Democrat.